

# THE RED CIRCLE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover," "Syria From the Saddle," Etc.  
Novelized from the Pathe Photo Play of the Same Name by Will M. Ritchey.

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## (Synopsis of Previous Installments.)

Max Lamar, crime specialist, receives a note from Chief of Police Allen informing him of the release of "Circle" Jim Borden, a notorious criminal, and asking him to keep a lookout for the man and his future activities. The name "Circle" comes from the hereditary "red circle" which appears on the right hand in each generation of the Bordens.

June Travis and her mother, interested in the reform of ex-convicts, are awaiting Borden's release. Borden refuses their aid, and is about to bolt the prison. June, when Lamar comes up and deters him.

Borden's son Ted, a good-for-nothing, loses his position, and, desperate for want of money, is about to steal a man's watch, when his father comes upon him and pulls him away, the man raising a cry of thief.

Pursued by a large crowd, Lamar among them, Borden and his son reach a secret passageway to his room. Lamar learns from a boy playing nearby the exact location, and, sending the lad for aid, starts through the subterranean way.

Old Borden, brooding over the degradation of his son, seals the room in which the boy is asleep and turns on the gas. Lamar reaches the room, but his light is snuffed from him by Borden, who tells Lamar he will annihilate the Borden family after he has killed the detective.

## SECOND INSTALLMENT.

### "Pity the Poor."

FOX, living in a forest full of rabbits, is likely to grow fat. George Grant dwells in a community of human rabbits, men who needed money and needed it so badly that they were ready to pay any price to get it. Grant did not grow fat on their needs, but his bank account did.

When a man must have money, he is willing to pay high to get it. And hundreds of men had for years been paying George Grant an unbelievably big rate of interest on the cash they borrowed from him.

He was the city's most prosperous loan broker, which meant he was also the city's most heartless loan shark. His office was forever crowded with needy clients. His big desk was full of tabulated pigeonholes, each a pigeonhole was stacked with a piteous array of promissory notes, of mortgages, of sight drafts, and similar sorry documents.

In that desk lay the material to ruin dozens of unlucky men; men who in an evil hour had put themselves in George Grant's clutches. Here was a debt record that spelled financial shipwreck. More than one pious debtor tried to pray that Grant's office should be destroyed by fire; to wipe out these records and set the loan shark's victims free. And at last, odd fashion, the prayers were answered.

One day—it was the same day that Max Lamar caught the red circle on a woman's white hand, as a closed automobile whizzed past him—George Grant got up from his famous desk in this city, stretched his lean arms lazily, and went into the adjoining room where stood his capacious safe. He unlocked it, took a record that was filed in this vault. And, instead of sending a clerk for it—he was a decidedly private paper—he went himself.

Entering the vault and switching on the electric light, he began to search through the records. He found what he wanted was not easy to find; and his search continued for several minutes. At last he discovered what he sought. Consulting the document, he made one or two notes on it on the back of an envelope; then switched the light and turned to leave the vault.

But, instead of the sunshine from the office beyond, he faced black darkness. The vault door had been shut, so silently had it closed that, engrossed in his search, he had not observed it was no longer open.

Grant pushed against the steel door. It did not yield to the pressure. It had been shut tight. The lock had been sprung. And it could not be opened again, except from the outside.

Grant swore, long and loudly. Then, his brows contracting, he went to the door. It always required more or less effort to open or close it. Therefore, it had not now been blown shut by the wind or swung shut from ill-balanced hinges. A human hand had closed and locked it.

Grant did not believe anyone in his employ would dare play a trick on him, for all his unpaid office staff held him in clinging fear. Perhaps some clerk, passing by and seeing the door open, had supposed the vault was empty and had pushed the steel portal into place.

Grant drew in a deep breath and shouted at the door. He called out, "Vault resounded deafeningly to his below. But the thick walls absorbed the sound. With his fists he beat upon the door until his knuckles were sore. No reply.

Within a few yards of him, his employees were at work. Their chief, their overlord, seemed in danger of smothering, because he could not make his cries or his blows reach their ears. A cold sweat of terror broke out all over this man who so long had made better men sweat at his orders.

Turning back into the vault and switching on the light once more, he pulled out a steel cashbox from its compartment about midway. It was heavy, began to hammer with desperate force on the unyielding door, punctuating his blows with shouts for help.

After an interminable time, a clerk—John Sals by name—who chanced to pass through the adjoining room, close to the vault, heard a muffled tapping and paused to investigate. The tapping seemed to come from the far side of the steel door. Sals was curious; and decided to investigate. He called the cashier, who alone of the employees, knew the vault's combination. The whole office force gathered inquisitively around the cashier as he unlocked and threw open the door. Out rushed Grant, more dead than alive; his lank face streaked with perspiration, his eyes bulging with terror.

"Who did that?" he spluttered, hoarsely. "What fool shut that door on me, and up or I'll fire the whole worthless bunch. Who did it?"

There was a confused mumbling from the scared employees. Grant's astute eyes searched every face. He read there nothing but blank bewilderment. If someone was acting, then someone was acting too cleverly to be detected. With a snort, Grant stamped back to his own private office.

Still shaky in the knees from his scare, he slumped into his desk chair. But, suddenly, as if the chair were upholstered with hornet-stings, he leaped to his feet again, with a yell that brought his employees in the outer office crowding wonderingly to the door.

Seated was George Grant's hobbles. His desk was always kept in apple-pie order. But, his very first glance now revealed that it was in a condition that would have shamed his incompetent clerk.

Papers were scattered in every direction; and drawers and pigeonholes were open and empty. Feverishly, Grant looked from pigeonhole to pigeonhole.

Every last one of them had been ransacked and every document had been stolen from them!

"Cleaned out!" croaked Grant, dazedly. "Robbed! I've been robbed!"

Then the numbers brain reawoke. These stolen documents were the promissory notes, the drafts, etc., that gave him his limitless power over an army of debtors. Without such evidence he had no legal hold over these wretches who had so long been

in his power. He could not collect one penny from them. That is, not if they should learn of his loss.

The yell of horror had summoned his employees. They still stood crowding the doorway, not daring to advance nor to ask what was the matter; yet tensely curious to know what had happened. At sight of their questioning faces, Grant fought to gain some sort of control over himself.

"Which of you has been in this room in the last half hour?" he asked, as unconcerned as he could force his dry throat to voice the question. Then Sals timidly volunteered:

"I was in there, sir, about twenty minutes ago. Maybe twenty-five minutes or so."

"What in blazes were you doing in here?" Grant demanded.

"That stenographer inside the door, sir," quavered Sals, "to show in the lady."

"The lady?" snapped Grant. "What lady?"

"Why, why, the lady who had the appointment with you, sir. She said she'd meet you in the hall and you'd told her to wait in the hall. She said she'd wait."

"I haven't met a woman in the hall," denied Grant, "and I didn't tell anyone to wait here for me. What was her name?"

"She—she didn't say, sir. I supposed—"

"I don't know, sir," said Sals. "I—I don't know, sir. She—"

"You wall-eyed idiot!" roared Grant. "You mean to tell me you haven't seen a woman in the hall? A woman, a young or old?"

"Not when she's all swathed up in a heavy black veil, like that lady, sir," answered Sals, "and with a big, loose, black coat that hides her figure."

"Where did she go?" asked Grant. "Where did she go?"

"I don't know, sir. I didn't—"

"If seen her, Mr. Grant," shrieked the office boy, "I didn't see her come in. But I seen her go out. 'Rout five minutes ago, it was. She had a bunch of papers she was carrying. They were strapped together with one of her long rubber bands, like you keep on your desk."

Grant waited to hear no more. Snatching his hat, he sprinted for the street.

He had left his automobile at the curb in front of his office. Followed by Sals, he now ran across the sidewalk to find himself in the car's vicinity.

"The order," to Police headquarters! "Rush!" which he intended to shout to his chauffeur, was trembling on his thin lips. But the order was not to be given.

Half way across the pavement Grant halted, and turned back. He was not there. Neither was the chauffeur. George Grant turned in rage upon the building's policeman, who was standing in front of the entrance.

"Blake!" he demanded, "where in blazes is my car? I left it here. Here it is! I came out. Did you move him?"

"Me?" said the policeman. "No, indeed. Someone else did, though. 'Bout five minutes back. A woman—"

"A woman?"

"A long black coat and a black veil."

"The—The Veiled Woman!" babbled Grant, aghast.

"Yes, veiled woman, all right. She—"

"And you mean to tell me she made George take her away in my car?"

"I don't know. First I noticed, she—"

just finishing speaking to him and he held open the door for her to get aboard. Then they started off."

Grant did not wait to hear the end of the account. He summoned a passing taxi and tumbled about in it, as he commanded.

Chief of Police Allen was always glad to see his former subordinate, Max Lamar. For a decade the two had been close friends. So it was with a nod of real welcome and a jolly word of greeting that he hailed Max, as the latter came excitedly into his office at about the time George Grant was boarding the taxicab.

"What's up, Max?" asked the chief, noting his friend's unwonted haste and perturbation. "Someone been insulting you again by calling you a detective instead of a criminal specialist?"

"Everything's up," put in Lamar. "The Red Circle, among other things."

"The Red Circle?" echoed Allen. "Why, man, the Red Circle's wiped off the books for keeps."

"Not it. It was. It's back again."

"What are you talking about?" asked Allen. "The Red Circle's dead. So is his son. Who else is left?"

"A woman."

"A woman? What woman?"

"I don't know."

"Jim left no daughter. His wife died years ago. Your dream about you've worked on this 'Red Circle' game so long you're daffy over it."

"An' I?" retorted Lamar. "If my daffiness turns to rank idiosyncrasy, maybe I can qualify as a central office square-lunatic. Ten minutes ago I saw the Red Circle. Saw it in plain daylight. A woman was sitting in a limousine. Her right hand was resting on the window ledge. And she'd taken off her glove. There on the back of her hand was the Red Circle. Before I could look any closer the car had speeded up and changed out of sight."

"And you let it go?" cried the chief. "I thought you had more sense than that. Max. Why, even one of my square-lunatic friends would have followed it till he found out who owned it."

"Oddly enough," answered Lamar, "the same idea occurred to me. But as I was on foot and as the car was doing an easy thirty miles an hour, and as I didn't know who owned it, I didn't see any way to following it very far."

"So you let it get away?" Lord, but—

"Get away? Not quite. I took its number. Just as it appeared in a little hurricane of gasoline smoke and yellow dust. Let me look over your State automobile numbers. We'll easily enough get it that way."

"Here you are," said Allen, producing the book. "What was the number of—"

(Continued Tomorrow.)

## Square Deal to World Called Best Defense

A crisis in Mexico should be met by sending volunteer teachers there to give instruction on self-government, rather than by sending an army expedition, forces, said Elbert Russell, of Johns Hopkins University, in an address on "Instead of War" at the First Congressional Church yesterday.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Washington branch of the American Peace Society. The lecturer, a member of the peace society, said that when rumors of trouble-breaking reached the central government, missionaries should have been sent there to exert influence against it.

"If we bluff our way by force of arms, our nation will gain no more," said Mr. Russell. "If we should fortify the Canadian boundary, the Canadians would be killed along the boundary, what would happen?"

"If we give all the world a square deal, they will give it to us."

# PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.

## Former Guardian of Presidents Enters Motion Picture News Field

Jack Wheeler, guardian of two Presidents and one of the best-known operatives of the Secret Service for a number of years, feels that his career especially equipped him for the business of motion picture photography, and has entered upon the duty of such office. Wheeler, whose "blue book" name is Lucien C. Wheeler and not "Jack" at all, has just been placed in charge of the newest of the big photoplay news features which is to be issued under the joint auspices of the Selig Polyscope Company of Chicago and the Chicago Tribune.

The employers of the new star of the motion pictures—because while Wheeler will not actually appear in any pictures, he may be called a star because his work will be of the most important character in collecting and editing thousands of yards of film containing the news of the world in pictures—believe that they have secured one of the best men in the country for the job. Wheeler has traveled more than 50,000 miles in the business of protecting the Presidents of the United States.

He was personally in charge of every two President "raft" made while in office, and was with Colonel Roosevelt on many of his trips as President. In this way Wheeler became familiar with the people and with the conditions that exist in every section of the country, and is thus able to judge the value of the news pictures that are submitted to him and of the importance of the individuals pictured.

Ella Hall, of the Universal forces is one of the young women of the photoplay industry, who believes that youth should keep its youth just as long as possible. Of course, Miss Hall, who really hasn't had so much experience in maintaining a youthful appearance, seeing that it will be some years before she is out of the youthful class herself, knows that such advice is old and true, but what she means is to correct the impression of many young girls that such advice is old and true, and dress older than they really are.

"While you are a young girl," she declares, "wear young girl's clothes. But when you are a woman, take it as she allows herself to be led astray by her desires. Young girls' clothes are so attractive in themselves, that she should hold on hard to the chance of wearing them."

They must be unusual, attractive, of the older woman would not be so fond of wearing them, and if anything looks better than a young girl dressed up in a gown too old for her, it is certainly an older woman in a gown of the latest fashion. The season of change clothes, and women of all ages were forced to adapt them if they wished to be in the mode. But this year the gods of fashion have allowed us a great deal of license."

G. M.

Today's Best Films  
By GARDNER MACK.

"The Battles of a Nation" (Correspondent Film Co.), the Casino, Fox, and Seventh Street.

William Barnum and Dorothy Bernard in "A Soldier's Oath" (Fox Film Co., Crandall's, Ninth and E streets).

Just Dean in "Matrimony" and Raymond Hitchcock in "Stolen Magic" (Triangle Films), the Garden, 25th and M streets, and the Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Reform Candidate" (Pallas Pictures), Loew's Columbia, Twelfth and F streets.

Robert Edison in "The Cave Man" (Vita-graph), the Strand, Ninth and D streets.

Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl" (Lasky), the Leader, Ninth between E and F streets.

George Probert and Fania Marinoff in "Nedra," adapted from the novel by George H. McFutcheon (Pathe), the Olympic, 14th and J streets.

William Garwood in "Lord John's Curious Case" (Seal), the Jockey, Ninth Street and New York avenue.

Six Hoban in "The Luring Lights," adapted from George H. Brennan's novel, "Anna Malleen," the Masonic Auditorium, Thirteenth Street and New York avenue.

Note—These selections are made from programs prepared by the managers of the theaters concerned, and no responsibility is assumed for arbitrary changes without notice to The Times. They are based on the authority of the players and the producing company and not on personal inspection, except in special cases.

## Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water, each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys, and in yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile, and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening, and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the acid fermentations, gases, waste, and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast, and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble, or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.—Adv.

What did the Congressmen do about the President's suggestions? asked Joe. "They will be busy all winter discussing and considering new laws, and next week I'll tell you of Congress works." "I'll explain how a new law is made."

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## THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON



Unusual Photograph of DOROTHY BERNARD, Who Is to Be Seen the First Half of This Week at Crandall's in "A Soldier's Oath."

and have a part in two of the most dramatic dramas on the floor tonight. But she makes a great mistake if she allows herself to be led astray by her desires. Young girls' clothes are so attractive in themselves, that she should hold on hard to the chance of wearing them."

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## Commissioners' School Plan May Be Opposed

A resolution opposing the plan which the Commissioners have recommended to Congress for a change in the local school government is expected to be introduced at the meeting of the Parents' League of the third division this evening at the J. Ormond Wilson Normal School.

Under the direction of H. E. Cogswell.

## The Strange Case of June Travis

June Travis had from her infancy received all the care and attention that inherited wealth and a boundless love could furnish.

No one—not even the incessantly watchful Mary—knew of the uncontrollable urge that sometimes dominated her and brought with it that hideous and irregular brand on the back of her right hand.

It was an urge that had come down to her during many generations, and it meant no good.

It affected her life strangely: how strangely you may know by reading ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE'S remarkable story, written by him for this paper, from the photoplay by Will M. Ritchey.

Then see the wonderful PATHE PICTURES produced by BALBOA, WITH RUTH ROLAND AND FRANK MAYO AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE.

the community singing chorus of sixty voices will give several numbers, attempting a more comprehensive program than at any time since its organization last October. An address on "Children and the War" will be delivered by Dr. John Manz, of the American Peace Society.

The night's meeting will mark the close of the night classes, of which there are three, for the Christmas holidays. The classes will resume their work the evening of January 2.

G. M.

Get it fixed in your mind that skin eruptions, Scrofula, Eczema, burning, itching, skin, and all skin diseases are entirely in the blood, and are affected by blood. Agree with us in this belief, and your trouble can be relieved. The way to do it is to take S. S. S., a remedy that has cured thousands of people in the last fifty years. Get it from any druggist. If yours is a special case, write for expert medical advice to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Adv.

W. E. YOUNG, P. D. F., Springfield, Mass.—Adv.

48 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.—Adv.

## GREAT OLD REMEDY FOR SKIN DISEASES

Drives Poison From the System.

Get it fixed in your mind that skin eruptions, Scrofula, Eczema, burning, itching, skin, and all skin diseases are entirely in the blood, and are affected by blood. Agree with us in this belief, and your trouble can be relieved. The way to do it is to take S. S. S., a remedy that has cured thousands of people in the last fifty years. Get it from any druggist. If yours is a special case, write for expert medical advice to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Adv.

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## Spark From Incense Sets Church Afire

Vestments and Other Garments in Vestry Found Ablaze After Service.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—St. Vincent De Paul's Roman Catholic Church, at 125 West Twenty-third street, one of the oldest houses of worship in Manhattan, was damaged to the extent of \$2,000 yesterday afternoon by a fire which, it is supposed, started from a spark from a censer.

The blaze, which started in the vestry room, was discovered by Father McMahon. He called Father Mueher. They found gowns of altar boys afire and, seeing the blaze was beyond their control, they sent in an alarm. Vestments and other garments were destroyed.

The police believe the spark from the censer fell into a locker and the boy who had carried the censer had gone before the blaze was big enough to be noticed. Only a few minutes before the fire more than 500 men and women had attended service.

## LAWYERS WIFE PRAISES DRECO

"Honestly if it had not been for Dreco I don't believe I would be living today." was the remarkable statement made by Mrs. Winston McLaren, of Houston, Texas. "No woman knows how I suffered, and how run down I was. Had no appetite at all, was weak and had pains in my back all the time, would get dizzy and have smothering spells, and was afraid to walk across the room. I was always constipated and nervous and had to be taking something for temporary relief continually. This was my condition when I started taking Dreco. Today, after taking two bottles I feel like a well woman. Am stronger, appetite good, complexion cleared up, pains in my back gone and constipation cured. Am going to continue taking it a while longer as I feel it will completely restore my health."

Dreco is intended for just such cases in men and women. The trouble comes from faulty elimination of the several organs which carry off the waste from the body. Check this elimination and you are sick. Dreco acts as nature's agent and restores the action of these organs by forcing them to work. Dreco is sold in all the O'Donnell Drug Stores.—Adv.

are promptly relieved by applying Absorbine, Jr., the antiseptic liniment. It is soothing, cooling, and invigorating—relieves itching and restores the skin's natural tone. One of the many enthusiastic users writes: "I received the trial bottle of Absorbine, Jr., all right and at that time was unable to walk without a cane. Just around the house. I used it freely and inside of two days could walk without limping, something I had not done in two months. I went to the drug store and procured a \$1.00 bottle and today can walk as good as ever. I'll never be without it. I am recommending it to everyone I can, for I am a living witness."

Absorbine, Jr., should always be kept in hand for emergencies. At druggists, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or sent postpaid. Liberal trial bottle for 10c in stamps. W. E. YOUNG, P. D. F., Springfield, Mass.—Adv.

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